

Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it (1)	that I feel like Philby,	Now ain't it funny that I feel (4) Philby,
There's a (2)	in my soul,	A stranger on a (5) shore,
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city,		I've got my plans and I must move quickly,
I can't come in from the cold,		There's a knock (6) the door,
I'm deep in action on a secret mission,		Still in transit and I'm close to danger,
Contact's broken down,		My cover can't be blown,
Time drags by, I'm above suspicion,		It's getting strange and it's getting crazy,
There's a voice on the telephone		Tell me, what is going on?
Yeah, yeah, yeah.		Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.		Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Well it sure is dark in this	(3) city,	Four o'clock and nothing's moving,
Contact's never gonna show,		Six o'clock and the daylight's stirring,
I've got a code which can't be broken,		A Morning comes, must be moving on.
My eyes never seem to close,		All (7) long my mind's been burning,
Well, I'm standing here in the silent city,		Makes me (8) such a long, long way from home,
Shadows falling down,		Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,		There's a stranger in my (9)
The night's gonna burn on slow.		I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city
Yeah, yeah, yeah.		I can't come in (10) the cold
Yeah, yeah, yeah.		



- 1. strange
- 2. stranger
- 3. clockwork
- 4. like
- 5. foreign
- 6. upon
- 7. night
- 8. feel
- 9. soul
- 10. from

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